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Stinkbugs

Thousands of them. In my nose, up my leg, between my fingers. I choke on some, but they push past my throat and crawl deep into my stomach. I am being ripped apart.

I jolt awake. Trembling fingers touch my skin, open my mouth, and check behind my tongue. Nothing.

I muffle a sob of relief. Men do not cry over bugs.

∞

It’s December, and radishes taste best in the spring. We grow them in the south, and other places call us “Nanking big radish.” But noodles are a popular food in the winter, so noodle-shop workers exercise gap-toothed grins as they smooth out planes of powder-pressed dough onto wooden boards. Children watch as deft fingers turn lumps of stretchy paste into individual, even slices. Dinner is served with flickering neon lights and rough gushes of tap water.

Nanking is a mahjong game. It is peppered with all sorts of tiles. Asphalt roads and honking buses are among the many new features implemented in the city. They look incongruous with the rickshaws and mule carts crammed with vegetables. Tradition is wedded in the cobblers mending shoes in the doors of their customers, but it is divorced and remarried to hand weavers, bent over looms of silk in smoke-chugging factories.

This is home.

∞

I killed a stinkbug for the first time when I was seven years old.

My neighbor, Baoshan, who is a year older than me, told me only girls couldn’t kill bugs. He tricked me, because the instant my finger crushed the shell of the stinkbug, a putrid smell like overripe cilantro shoveled into my nose. I jerked away, wiping at my nostrils while Baoshan laughed.

∞

My city is one of great pride and great tragedy. We say we are guarded like gods, Purple Mountains to the east and the Yangtze River to the west. They are a coiling dragon and crouching tiger. And yet, we have been invaded three times.

The four-tone system of our language was created here. The war over opium ended on this soil. Ancient imperial palaces, sumptuous tombs, and tea pavilions with lotus blossoms stake their claim in Nanking. And still, Taiping rebels once desolated the city and smashed the priceless Porcelain Pagoda to innumerable shards.

If there is one thing I should never forget, it is that Nanking was never a silent city.

∞

*Fwip!* A calloused, meaty hand pummels down on a crinkled, starched roll of paper. The top of the page reads, *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*. I follow the hand up a sweaty arm and over a broad shoulder before meeting Baoshan’s dirtied, frantic face.

“Did you hear about Shanghai?” His eyes are bright, frenzied. “Those Japanese bastards broke through!”

I swat his hand away and slowly read over the first page of the newspaper. Jiang Jieshi and his army were defeated after several months of fighting. Thousands of lives were lost.

I continue eating my breakfast, a slab of *mo*, and let the dry dough get stuck on my teeth.

“So what happens now?”

Baoshan tears the newspaper from my grip and begins to pace around the room.

“What happens now? We go after them, of course! We can’t let those bastards take our city!”

“Shanghai’s already been taken,” I say cautiously.

Without stopping his tirade, Baoshan points agitatedly to a paragraph at the bottom of the page.

*Commander Jiang Jieshi is moving his forces to the country’s capital, Nanking. There, the Japanese army will be defeated for good.*

Four.

∞

Within several weeks, more than half of us have left. For a city of more than 300,000, this is quite an impressive feat. Anyone with a coin in his pocket or a treasure worth saving has hopped on a boat or a taxi and disappeared into the vastness of China. The ones who remain are the ones who can be easily disposed of: the elderly, the young, the broke, and the weak.

Among those who stayed are my grandmother and I. We have nothing to protect but each other, so life continues for us as before with only a few gaps in the neighbors we used to talk to. Baoshan says I am stupid for staying, but when I tell him the same thing, he merely curls his lips and proclaims that he is staying to be a soldier. He won’t be holding a gun and crouching in the trenches, but he’ll be a soldier “for the people.”

I try to imagine a shining, proud warrior Baoshan protecting a crowd of adoring civilians, but all I see is the raucous, grimy tinsmith Baoshan slicing at air.

∞

Thousands of them. In the trenches, up the streets, between the walls. We kill some, but they push past our defense and crawl deep into the city. We are being ripped apart.

I want to wake up. I want to sleep. Whatever means escape. I press my fists so hard to my eyes the skin begins to bruise, and every pulse of my blood stretches my veins to the point of near-rupture. I cradle myself in the dark house, whimpering, praying that the gunfire does not find me. The rocking begins, propelling my body back and forth, and I remember that I am supposed to be holding my grandmother. This is why I stayed behind.

Baoshan bursts in through the door, and it slams shut once more.

“Daoming! The Chinese are retreating! 哎呀, 怎么办? Our soldiers, they-they’re attacking civilians! Ripping clothes off their bodies! Shooting…tanks…at each other! Into the river! Drowning…supplies! I-”

He stops when he sees us. I moan around the panic in my throat. Without saying another word, Baoshan drops down and puts his arms around my grandmother. He holds her as the doors rattle and the ground explodes with streams of fire.

I press harder until I feel myself shrinking to the size of a stinkbug. I skitter away, somewhere underground. By the time I reemerge, it is to a new world.

∞

I shake the sleep from my legs as I get to my feet. Quavering, I move towards the door. Baoshan and my grandmother are asleep on the ground.

The first thing I see when I step outside is the billowing Japanese flag.

It’s not from the Japanese army, surprisingly. It’s hanging from the window of a nearby house. A woman stands in the window, cheering. I turn my head and nearly scream at the sight.

The Japanese army marches through the city and no one is resisting them. Their stern faces are partially shadowed by their hats, and little stars decorate their headwear. Their monotonous dark green uniforms blend together, broken only by the occasional burst of red from their country’s symbol.

The husband of the woman earlier (they’re the Hans, I work in the rice fields with the man) rushes forward and drops to his knees in front of them.

“求求你, 发发慈悲吧!” *Please, have mercy.*

He is awarded for his efforts with a gunshot to his bowed head.

The soldier who shot him kicks his body aside and continues marching. Several soldiers after him spit on the body, and the rest ignore it completely.

Mrs. Han’s scream turns my insides cold.

But there is no time to focus on her, for there is another gunshot and an elderly man lies facedown on the pavement. He was crossing the street.

Someone runs out to remove his body from the approaching Japanese army, but he is shot as well. I break out of my terror just enough to stumble back into the house. I lock the door. Baoshan and my grandmother stare at me bleakly from the floor.

As the day scrapes on, I try not to count. But I do.

∞

I was twelve when it happened again. It was the most humid summer of my life, like a wet, oily rag had been slapped onto the city. The odor of melting soil from nearby fields was barely swept away by light swishes of bamboo fans, but people slept outside anyway and gossiped until dawn.

One had crawled onto my arm and was crushed when I rolled over. The smell, acerbic and sour, woke me up. I hated seeing its thread-like legs twitching, some mushed up to its body and others bent the wrong way. The head, small and split, caved into the shoulder.

My dry heaving roused Baoshan, who was snoring next to me. I expected him to snort, to point a mocking finger and threaten to tell the other kids. Instead, he reached over and brushed the bug remains off my arm, patting harshly until the skin turned pink and clean. Then he turned over and fell asleep.

We’ve never been friends, but I would trust Baoshan with my life.

∞

Everywhere is the gallows.

Women are raped on corners of streets, in front of crowds, and throughout the night. Churches are desecrated with the evidence of their torture.

Age is meaningless to the Japanese. I have seen women over sixty forced on their bellies and taken. Young girls in the middle of grade school are kidnapped and violated behind abandoned buildings. Their vaginas are slashed open for efficiency.

Some are raped by groups of soldiers and cannot walk for weeks afterwards. For others, by the time the sun writhes shamefully across the sky, as if apologetic for its long hours, they have already ruptured and bled out.

∞

It’s been three weeks and I have learned to digest my *mo* with terror.

Japanese soldiers are still searching for Chinese troops hidden among civilians. They claim they can distinguish them by the callouses on their hands from the daily use of guns and by the blisters on their feet from months of marching.

Baoshan has callouses on his hand from a lifetime of repairing metal pots and kettles. I have blisters on my feet from the gelid temperatures of the rice fields in winter.

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It’s barely dawn and Mrs. Han is forced out of her house at gunpoint. She strips naked and lies down on the ground, unmoving.

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They are finished.

∞

Baoshan and I leave the safety of the house to help her. When we reach the street, we need only to see the sliver in her grip and the delicate fissure in her neck to understand.

∞

Angry shouting. Then, a different voice, trembling.

“Open the door, or he’s going to shoot it down and kill everyone inside.”

Behind me, Baoshan quickly leads my grandmother to the back of the house.

I comply. An incensed Japanese soldier looms beyond the doorway, a little Chinese man at his side. A translator.

“叛徒,” I hiss. *Traitor.* His eyes widen and a bead of perspiration gathers at his temple, but he doesn’t look away. The soldier frowns at not being able to understand our exchange and he barks something at the man, who nods.

“You must give him money and any 花姑娘 with you,” he gulps, and this time he has the decency to look away.

I raise my glare to the smug soldier. Suddenly, I have the urge to reach my hands into his throat and shred him from the inside. But I know without looking that a bayonet and rifle are hitched onto his side. He is also several inches taller than me, and wider. I tighten my hold on the door until the wood compresses under the pressure.

“Tell him we are broke. His comrades have already taken everything.”

I imagine every syllable as a puncture in his skin. I hope with all my might that my words may become weapons. But he remains unscathed, and cuts another snarling demand.

“A-and…the girls?”

“There are no women here. It is only my brother and I,” I lie.

The soldier seems to get the message from my tone. He abruptly pushes me aside and stomps in, eyes searching the dim room for signs of female residence. Fear of my grandmother being discovered blinds me, overwhelms even the affront from having my home intruded. My fingers buzz with a dreaded plead that Baoshan has hidden her securely.

At last, when the soldier has verified my statement for himself, he shoves me again and strides out. The translator stumbles after him.

I can’t help myself.

“Perhaps when he is tired of raping every female in the city, he can come back for the men!”

The translator stiffens and the soldier notices. He turns and sizes me up, thoughtfully, like inspecting a bug on its back. Then he calmly stalks back, one hand firm on his bayonet.

He stops in front of me, and I focus on the ugly mole next to his eye so I can match his stare. He draws out his bayonet leisurely, a callous simper on his face. The tip presses into my chest.

He makes a motion with his hand. Wordlessly, the translator appears next to him. The soldier says something, clear and drawn out.

“Show him your feet.”

The color vanishes from my face. My hands feel cold, dank.

The soldier smirks in triumph.

I wait for his bayonet to push through and implore that this one does not like to play with his prey.

But there’s a commotion in the background, and the firm and insisting prick of the weapon is suddenly gone.

A Chinese woman brutally fights two Japanese soldiers. Her crazed movements have not only disarmed one of them, but also injured both. She flings a sword around, catching one of them in the shoulder. The soldier in front of me snarls and runs to aid his countrymen.

Immediately, I slam the door shut. Retreating to the back, I call out to Baoshan. Moments later he appears.

“It’s safe,” I croak.

The knowledge of the price for that statement crushes me, and I crumple to my knees. The soldier never returns.

∞

“We are running low on rice,” Baoshan remarks.

I meet his biting gaze and scoff.

“We’ll be fine. We’ve lived on less.”

It’s true. Periods of crop failure have crippled households in the past, leaving wallets drained and stomachs hollow for more than a year at a time. Even thinking about it, I can already feel the phantom ache of my gut, the perpetual vibrations. I am not eager to live through that again, but…

“You will not go out and look for food,” I command.

“I am not going to let us waste away like beggars!”

“Would you rather waste away by a Japanese sword, then?” I challenge, pitch rising.

“At least it would be for a noble cause!” he gets up, fingers digging at his hair. “Sitting here, hiding, day after day…too scared to even take a shit more than five meters from the house!”

“It’s called *survival*. This is not the time for kingly speeches and charging stupidly at a target. This is war. We hide from our enemies because they are more powerful than us and t—”

“We hide from our enemies because we are cowards!” Baoshan shouts.

Both of us wince. We wait, breaths held, for any indication from outside that we were heard. When the risk has passed, Baoshan huffs.

“See? Not a moment of relief. We are suffocating under our fear.”

I stand up so we are face-to-face.

“You don’t always have to face your fears,” I reason, searching his eyes for the doubt he always conceals so well, “it’s okay to wait for help.”

His façade falters for a moment. But when I blink, it’s back. Impenetrable. His mouth wrenches into a bitter line and he jerks his body away.

“If you are too scared, then stay here. You would only slow me down, anyway.”

Before the hurt can register on my face, he is already out the door.

I stand there for a little while. Until it is too late to go after him. I tell myself it is.

∞

Baoshan doesn’t come back that night.

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He is hiding somewhere. He is unable to return because soldiers, or a tank, block his path. He is still alive. I did not let him walk into his death.

My words mock me as they bounce around the walls and chafe my skin. Crawl up like stinkbugs.

∞

“Baoshan 还没回来吗?” My grandmother steps out from her room.

“No, he hasn’t returned yet,” I answer wearily. My eyes have not moved from the door since he left.

She nods and sits down beside me. Her presence is a small relief, and I feel ashamed once again for needing to be comforted. I press my fists into my eyes, harder and harder, shrinking and shrinking. Except this time, there is nowhere to go.

∞

I begin to see Baoshan’s body in my dreams.

In the first one, he dies from blood loss. German shepherds have torn off his arms.

∞

It always changes. Tonight he is crucified to a tree and his eyes, ears, and nose are missing. He tries to scream but blood is the only thing that comes out. Yesterday it was bayonets. The day before, fire. Needles. Live burial. Tanks. Ice.

I have seen his gravestone more than I have seen his face.

∞

The last nightmare I have is the worst. Baoshan is alive in this one.

He is standing at the bottom of a ditch. He smiles at me, the taunting kind from our childhood. He reaches out for my hand and I take it.

His chest breaks away as a sword slices through it. When he falls, I see a Japanese soldier donning a cruel imitation of Baoshan’s smile. Enraged, I tackle the soldier and fuse my hands to his neck. I watch in dark satisfaction as his cheeks turn from red to purple to black.

I pull away and it’s Baoshan.

Before I can react, another soldier charges at me with his bayonet. I deflect his attack and grab the first soldier’s (or is it Baoshan’s?) sword before turning around and letting the metal sink into his forehead like a kiss. He dies, but it’s still Baoshan.

Soldier after soldier tries to kill me. I have to defend myself.

By the time I wake up sweaty and crying, I am standing on a mountain of Baoshan.

∞

Next to me, a pregnant woman begins to weep. She clutches her stomach like a lifeline. She is far into her pregnancy and now she searches for the father’s corpse among the sixty or so others heaped into this ditch.

If this were one month ago, I would have offered her my sympathy. But six weeks of death and sorrow from hundreds of thousands of victims make her cries seem insignificant. She will live through it. A weak woman cannot raise a child.

I stand at the edge of the ditch and peer in. Baoshan’s body is nowhere to be found, and I pray it holds true.

Suddenly, there is the unmistakable jab of sharp, lashing syllables. In the distance, coming closer. Two.

I throw myself into the ditch. The landing is soft. I drag several bodies over me, but they are heavy and I have to kick at some to dislodge them. I break a few cold fingers in the process, but eventually I am covered under a camouflage of skin.

My breathing slows, but terror seizes every nerve. As the splintery sounds of laughter draw near, I risk a glance at the woman. She is not as obscured as me. Her pregnancy has slowed her down and sapped her strength.

The noise reaches a climax as two pairs of onyx boots stop at the edge of the ditch—the place I was standing just moments ago. The conversation doesn’t stop.

Then, one soldier seems to suggest something, and both are quiet as the other contemplates it. A gruff sound of agreement is the last thing I hear before the shrieking starts. One of them has pierced the stomach of the woman. Her wails betray her, and she is repeatedly stabbed, her intestines emptying out like water.

The fetus, squirming and rose-red, is lifted up, bayoneted to death.

I can’t find my lungs. I am getting light-headed. The only thing that keeps me from the impending numbness is her screams.

She finally stops, but the boots remain as they take turns penetrating her skin with their bayonets. They know she is dead, but they seem to like the squishing of her blood more than her yelling.

I count to one hundred after the boots leave. I count to two hundred. Time is meaningless when every breath is limited.

Turning my head to avoid the nauseating image of her corpse, I instead find myself looking directly at Baoshan’s ripped-up, gaping face. His eyes, ears, and nose are intact, but the rest is a patchwork of bloated, peeling flesh. I look down and see that his neck drops off at an incline, a serrated pattern across the bottom.

The numbness comes, and I relent.

∞

The third time is a tessellation of gore.

They’re everywhere, not just in my lungs. Not just in the city. They’re a part of it.

Brick walls come to life and skitter over each other, shells clicking and antennas wriggling. Trees become insect and bark becomes marbled, and houses and stores disintegrate into shapeless, quivering masses.

The ground opens up. It’s the jaws of a stinkbug.

People fall in, flailing. I can’t see what side they belong to. They grab onto anything they can reach, but everything is alive. And it’s all moving in. Limbs are crushed in the panic, and bright flushes of color sprain the scene.

This is wrong. This is not the third time.

It’s the first.

I am swept into the jaws and the smell washes over me.

∞

The smell is off. It’s not stinkbugs. It’s blood.

I startle awake, eyes opening so rapidly that white spots appear. By the time my vision clears, I remember where I am.

Trying to keep the nausea at bay, I quickly scan for shoes around the ditch before heaving the bodies off me. Fresh air rushes into my nose and I inhale it greedily.

After I crawl out, I glance back, purposely avoiding Baoshan’s head.

I have to bury him, but the thought of going anywhere near his disfigured corpse makes me shudder violently. I close my eyes and refuse to let the possibilities of his death––his torture––stir around in my brain. The possibilities I let happen.

“对不起.”

The apology drapes itself across my arm, the same place the stinkbug was all those summers ago.

∞

*Fwip!* A dull, grimy shovel pummels down on a dry, packed stretch of soil. I know what lies under it.

The top of the page reads, *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*.

Leaning back, I support my weight on the shovel and wipe at my flushed, sweaty face. I stare at the little mound of dirt and know that I finally did something right by him. He would want to be buried as a whole. A hero.

Out of my peripheral vision, I see a stinkbug crawl over my shoe. A feeling of automatic disgust comes over me, and I raise my foot to crush it.

Four.

No.

I shake my head. The stinkbug is half a meter away. I watch it go.

It’s still not safe here, so I allow myself a few more seconds of respite before heading home.

I carry the sack of rice on my back.

Attribution of Research

**A) Chang, Iris. *The Rape of Nanking*. New York: BasicBooks, 1997. Print.**

* The invasion of Nanking occurred in December (The city fell on December 13, 1937)
* Noodle shop workers stretch noodles by hand
* Children watch as vendors make things like noodles, candy, etc.
* Nanking was advanced enough to have electric lights
* Tap water was how civilians got their water
* Nanking had asphalt roads, instead of dirt roads like in the past
* Noisy buses and cars filled the streets
* Tradition still thrived in the form of rickshaws and vegetable carts pulled by mules
* Cobblers mended shoes in the doorways of their customers
* Hand-weavers work over looms of silk in open-air factories
* Purple Mountains lie to the east of Nanking while the Yangzte River lies to the west, providing military protection
* “Like a coiling dragon and a crouching tiger” is an ancient phrase used to describe the Purple Mountains and the Yangzte River that surround Nanking
* Nanking was invaded three times before the Nanking Massacre
* The four-tone system of the Chinese language was created in Nanking
* The treaty ending the Opium War was signed on Nanking soil
* Ancient imperial palaces, lavish tombs, and tea pavilions scattered with lotus blossoms existed in Nanking, making it so beautiful
* The second invasion of Nanking was from Taiping rebels that captured the city and later destroyed it when they were forced out
* The Taiping rebels also shattered the priceless Porcelain Pagoda, considered the most beautiful structure of its kind in China
* Before the Japanese arrived in Nanking, more than half of the population had left
* Nanking’s population before the invasion was around 300,000
* Anyone with even the slightest amount of money or a valuable treasure left Nanking
* The ones who stayed in Nanking were those too poor to afford transportation, those too old to travel, young children, and those disabled or too ill to travel
* A tinsmith was an occupation offered in the city at the time
* The sound of gunfire was heard all throughout the city during the attack
* In Nanking, the Chinese army is at a disadvantage, and quickly retreats
* Desperate to avoid capture, many Chinese soldiers threw themselves on civilians and ripped the clothes from their bodies in order to disguise themselves
* Some soldiers were not notified of the retreat and believed their comrades were deserting them, and thus they shot many of their own comrades in an effort to stop them
* Tanks rolled over soldiers in the confusion and panic to retreat
* Many soldiers attempted to escape using the Yangzte River
* The supplies loaded onto boats were too heavy and ended up sinking into the water
* When all the boats had left, many soldiers tried to swim across, but drowned
* Many Chinese people who were bitter over being abandoned by their country hung the Japanese flags from their houses in hopes that the Japanese army would treat them better
* The Japanese army marches through the city without any resistance
* Some Chinese civilians even rushed up to greet the Japanese army, but were killed
* Civilians are shot and killed after merely running away
* Nanking is extremely humid, especially in the summer
* In the summer nights, the smell of soil from nearby fields was prevalent
* People would use bamboo fans to cool themselves down
* To escape the summer heat, people slept outside and gossiped until dawn
* Women are raped everywhere and at all times (corners of streets, in public, in private, during the day, during the night, in churches, in abandoned buildings, etc.)
* Every female was raped: women over sixty years old all the way to eleven-year old girls
* Some females are raped by groups of Japanese soldiers and cannot walk for weeks afterwards
* Some females sustain such grave injuries that they bleed out and die shortly afterwards
* Japanese soldiers go door to door trying to find Chinese troops disguised as civilians
* Callouses on the hands from the daily use of guns and blisters on the feet from months of marching are distinguishing factors of Chinese soldiers
* However, many civilians have callouses and blisters from their jobs
* Many women committed suicide after being raped
* Japanese soldiers went door to door demanding money and young girls (hua gu niang)
* Some Chinese civilians acted as translators for Japanese soldiers
* Japanese soldiers carry rifles and bayonets
* Some Chinese women managed to fight off several Japanese soldiers
* Food shortage, especially rice, was an issue during the invasion
* Many people risked their lives to go searching for food
* Death by german shepherds tearing off one’s limbs was a way of torture by the Japanese
* Crucification was also used
* A victim’s eyes, nose, and ears would sometimes be sliced off
* Death by bayonets
* Death by ice
* Death by fire
* Death by long needles stuck into the face
* Death by live burial
* Death by being run over by tanks
* The Nanking Massacre lasted from six to seven weeks
* The number of casualties is estimated to be around 300,000
* Many civilians bury themselves under bodies for days to avoid capture and death
* Pregnant would have their bellies ripped open by a bayonet, their intestines spilling out
* Japanese soldiers would stab the fetus (killing it) and remove it from the mother’s body
* Death by decapitation

**B) Jacobs, Steve. "Brown Marmorated Stink Bug." *Penn State College of Agricultural***

***Sciences*. Pennsylvania State University 2015, n.d. Web. 10 Feb. 2015.**

**<http://ento.psu.edu/extension/factsheets/brown-marmorated-stink-bug>.**

* Stinkbugs release a sour cilantro-ish smell when threatened, injured, or killed
* Their shell is described as looking “marbled”

**C) "Selected newspaper-Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury." *Huawenku*. Green Apple**

**Data Center, n.d. Web. 16 Feb. 2015. <http://www.huawenku.cn/english/**

**html/Huawenku\_plan/Selected\_newspaper/Selected\_new-201303071096.html>.**

* *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury* was a popular newspaper founded by American nationals in China that published anti-Japanese themes as well as news about the war

**D) The Bill of Rights in Action. "The Japanese Military Committed Genocide in**

**Nanking, China." *Genocide*. Ed. Christina Fisanick. Detroit: Greenhaven**

**Press, 2007. Contemporary Issues Companion. Rpt. from "The 'Rape of**

**Nanking,.'" *The Bill of Rights in Action* 8.3 (Summer 2002). *Opposing***

***Viewpoints In Context*. Web. 30 Jan. 2015. [<http://go.galegroup.com/ps/**

**i.do?id=GALE%7CEJ3010078231&v=2.1&u=lake72770&it=r&p=GPS&sw=w**

**&asid=f1c6bf54c09d441dd8e9c2a39068494c]>**

* Jiang Jieshi’s army battled with the Japanese army in Shanghai before the invasion of Nanking
* After several months, Jiang Jieshi’s army was defeated
* Thousands of lives were lost on both sides
* Jiang Jieshi ordered his army to retreat to Nanking
* Nanking was the capital of China

**E) United States Army Service Forces. Morale Services Division. Army Information**

**Branch. *Newsmap*. Map. 1944. World War Two Newsmaps. UNT Libraries**

**Government Documents Dept. Print.**

* The Japanese army uniforms have small stars on the hats
* The uniforms are dark green with red Japanese flag symbols here and there

**F) "Blisters–Topic Overview." *WebMD*. Healthwise, 10 Dec. 2012. Web. 16 Mar. 2015.**

**<http://www.webmd.com/skin-problems-and-treatments/tc/**

**blisters-topic-overview>.**

* Blisters may form from exposure to freezing temperatures

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&asid=f1c6bf54c09d441dd8e9c2a39068494c]>

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Government Documents Dept. Print.